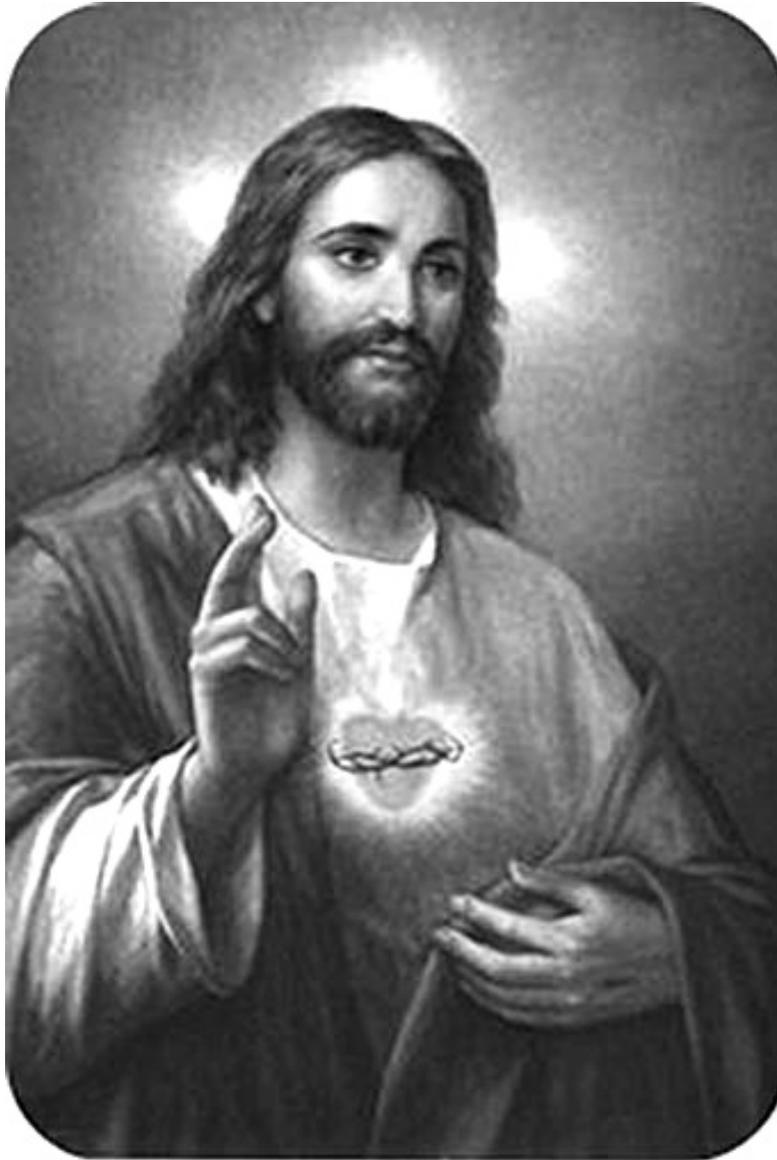


Sacred Heart



Holy Hour

I - To Begin the New Year in the Spirit of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and for His Greater Glory

I - Holy Hour - To Begin the New Year in the Spirit of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and for His Greater Glory, by Father Mateo Crawley-Boevey

(This Holy Hour may also be made at certain solemn and decisive hours of life; on the eve of marriage; when one is about to leave home for the cloister, and especially during a retreat, etc.)

The real Sun of peace, of hope, of love which is rising for us all with the dawn of the new year is the Heart of Jesus, sending forth its rays from the Host.

"Glory to Him in Heaven, glory to Him and to Him alone on earth! . . . Adveniat, adveniat, adveniat regnum tuum." May His Kingdom come on earth as it is in Heaven! . . . May this new year be the beginning of a new triumph for the Reign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus over society.

Let us place ourselves in His presence by a profound act of faith, . . . of adoration . . . The Master is there, and He wishes to speak to us. Let us listen to His voice, which fills eternity with happiness! . . .

Jesus: Pax vobis! . . . Peace be with you, My little ones! . . . I bring it to you for your souls, suffering, struggling, but filled with good will . . . Pax! . . . I bring it for your firesides darkened by sorrow, tried by misfortunes, unavoidable in this vale of tears . . . Pax! . . . I bring it for society in which you live, a society which needs so much to be Christianized in order to be more truly My inheritance . . . I bring peace for your country. Ask of Me that it may one day be My Jerusalem of Palm Sunday . . . Pax! . . . I bring My peace, My great, victorious peace—for My Church Militant . . . Pray that She may fill My heavenly Father's granaries with an abundant and rich harvest . . .



Do not fear like the Apostles; come close to Me Your King, your Brother, your Friend, to your Jesus. Come, come . . . nearer still! . . . I want you to touch the Wounds in My hands, in My feet, and especially the Wound in My Side . . . Place your hand therein. O enter . . . remain in this dwelling, yours in time, and if you will, yours in eternity . . .

Believe that I am the same Jesus, kind, tender,

merciful, who was born of the Virgin Mary . . . I am her Son, you are My brothers; . . . be not afraid of Me! And now my children, docile and trustful, at the dawn of this year accept as a gift of My love a divine thought . . . a thought which will serve as the foundation for this new stage of your life. Empty your souls of all else; let there be complete silence that you may gather this solemn lesson from My Gospel . . . Beloved souls, meditate now on this saying of your God: A year nearer your eternal destiny! . . . Ah! pause here, you, My faithful ones, to reflect on the vanity of all . . . of all that is not Jesus.

(Slowly and reflectingly)

Fleeting is youth—a flower that lives a day . . . and dies,
Fleeting are the fumes of senseless ambition which pass away,
Fleeting as the lightning is the passing joy which quickly vanishes,
Fleeting is the gilded and changeable fortune which escapes us,
Fleeting is the splendour of high station which disappears,
Fleeting is pleasure's intoxication which poisons as it goes,
Fleeting is all earthly harmony, all created beauty, which perishes,
Fleeting is human love, which alters, which forgets,
Fleeting is the wisdom of men which deludes and is extinguished—
Vanitas!... all is but vanity, except your Jesus! . . .

My children, listen to the voice of bygone centuries with their history of glory or of falsehood, of the peoples who were and are no more. They cry to you, as I do, that all here below is vanity, except your Jesus! . . .

Millions of men, carried away by the whirlwind and flames of fratricidal wars, speak eloquently by the silent voice of their ashes; Vanitas! all is vanity here below, except your Jesus!...

And millions of these other wrecked creatures—the broken-hearted mothers, wives, orphans, outcasts, the ruined, . . . an immense caravan, dragging their shattered souls, cry to you in one piercing moan: Vanitas! . . . all is vanity here below, except your Jesus! . . .

(Brief pause)

But be not too disconsolate, be not discouraged, My children, for though the world is naught but vanity, I have conquered it by the supreme reality of My love. . . Courage then! . . . Lift up your hearts, for I remain the eternal, the divine Reality of faithful souls here below! . . . I am the only great and lasting Reality . . . and this Reality is sufficient for you! . . . Do you believe it?

O, My beloved children, will you give Me the immense pleasure of hearing you proclaim, at the foot of My altar, that I, your God, suffice you.

Friends of My Heart, reflect on the vanity of youth, which lasts but a morning and dies; . . . but in its stead, what will you rely on?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Consolers of My Heart, meditate on the vanity of seductive and dangerous ambition which passes away; . . . but in its stead, what will you substitute ?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Apostles of My Heart, meditate constantly on the vanity of worldly joy, the glitter of tinsel, a dew that evaporates; . . . but in its stead, what would attract you ?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Confidants of My Heart, reflect without ceasing on the vanity of fortune which corrupts and melts away; . . . but in its stead, what would you seek?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Disciples of My Heart, think daily of the vanity of pleasure which poisons and passes quickly; . . . but in its stead, what would you desire ?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Adorers of My Heart, meditate each moment on the vanity of created beauty which fades and dies . . . but in its stead, what would you look for?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Repairers of My Heart, think day and night on the vanity of earthly love which changes; . . . is faithless and inconstant; . . . but in its stead, what would you depend on?

All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Children of My Heart, consider, without ceasing, the vanity of human wisdom which goes astray and fails; . . . but in its stead, what would guide you?

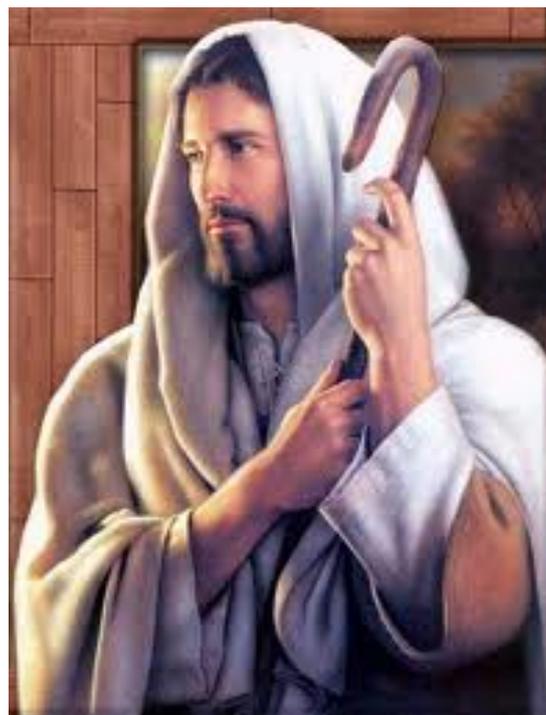
All: Thee, O Jesus, the one Reality! . . .

Yes, Lord, Thou and only Thou, immutable and eternal reality . . .

With Thee, life so void of peace and beauty, will, despite its thorns, its failures, its ruins . . . be peaceful and bearable . . . but . . . with Thee, Jesus! . . .

This year, now beginning, does not dismay us, notwithstanding all the insecurity it brings, for we are at Thy Side, Jesus! . . .

This world is no longer an earthly Paradise, but what matters that! . . . We have a thousand times more: Thy Heart which gives light, life, and consolation for eternity! . . . Thou art our Paradise here below, O Jesus! . . .



(Let us ask in a heart-felt prayer the grace of appreciating at its real value this gift of a new year, and let us promise to use it for the glory of the Heart of Jesus and for a happy eternity for our souls.)

Souls: The Holy Hour is the hour of confidences. Then Jesus, let us tell Thee everything, absolutely everything that we feel, for we have an overpowering need to pour out our hearts at the foot of Thy holy Tabernacle . . . Lord! let the vain, the sensual, the worldly, and the frivolous rave over the ruins of their wild dreams. As for us, who are forearmed by Thy grace, who are more favoured than many others by Thy boundless mercy, we declare that Thou alone suffice us.

Upheld by Thy adorable Heart, we resolve to begin this new year free from the spell of the passing age, its false gifts, its lying pleasures . .

At the dawn of this year, a new step toward that eternity which will cast us ultimately into Thy arms, we promise Thee that henceforward we will desire only Thee, O Jesus! . .

All: We will desire only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

At the dawn of this year, come to visit us, Lord, and we promise Thee that in illness and in health, we will see only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

All: We will see only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

At the dawn of this year, come to visit us, Lord, and we promise Thee that in poverty or in riches, we will bless only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

All: We will bless only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

At the dawn of this year, come to visit us, Lord, and we promise Thee that in sorrow and in joy, we will seek only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

All: We will seek only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

At the dawn of this year, come to visit us, Lord, and we promise Thee that, whether prosperous or burdened with crosses, we will adore only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

All: We will adore only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

At the dawn of this year, come to visit us, Lord, and we promise Thee that in life or in death we will love only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

All: We will love only Thee, O Jesus! . .

We will love only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

We will love only Thee, O Jesus! . . .

The good Master never allows Himself to be called upon in vain. Here He is close, very close to us. He comes to pour the life of His Heart into ours . . . Let us listen to Him eagerly:

Jesus: Thank you, O thank you, my intimates, my faithful, for the balm that your ardent

love has brought to My Wounds . . . It is your God and your King, your Father and your Friend, it is I, the Son of the Immaculate, Who speaks to you, Who comes to you . . . It is My Heart, Sun of Love Which rises on this altar, bringing you its fire and its light for the year that begins . . . I come to you, overflowing with mercy, to enrich you, impoverishing Myself if that were possible, by confiding to you all My treasures . . .

I come to you like a cloud, burdened with a deluge of graces which I would wish, at the dawn of this new year, to pour out on you and your families, that this may be a year of grace for you all . . . But I am still awaiting a word from you . . . Come, come; . . . Open the Tabernacle of My Heart, ask without fear, speak! . . . What grace . . . which one of My treasures do you implore of My Mercy? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . .For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

Jesus: You say that to Me this evening here at the foot of the altar, but when you are far from here in the heat of the battle in the world, for what secret of strength and victory will you then ask? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . .For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

Jesus: And if the world, infuriated, mock you because of Me . . . if it force you to choose between us, what will your choice be then? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . . For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

Jesus: But, if the struggle grows harder, if pain and crosses crush you, what will be the cry of your souls? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . . For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

Jesus: What noble sentiments are yours? . . . Are they also the feelings of all your family, and of all your friends? . . . What do you ask for them this year? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . .For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

Jesus: But, perhaps, at your fireside there are some who do not love Me. Poor wretched souls! . . . Speak to Me on their behalf. What request do you make for them? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . . For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

Jesus: Oh! you will save your loved ones by your faith, by this great prayer of the Holy Hour . . . but for yourselves, what diadem of glory do you request for the hour of eternal justice? . . .

All: For us, Thy Heart! . . . For Thee, Thy glory! . . .

(A hymn to the Heart of Jesus here)

While the Celestial Princes bring to Jesus-King offerings worthy of heaven; He, in love with earth, thinking of us, stoops down to us, comes to meet us, carrying presents from



Paradise: three precious gifts taken from the Treasury of His Sacred Heart . . . Let us consider in three scenes from the Gospel the inestimable value of these gifts , . .
(Let us pray while meditating! . . . Let us pray while loving! . . . !)

I. The Gift of Light

The blind man cries, "Lord, that I may see!" But there is another who does not speak thus, and who, nevertheless, is still blinder— Nicodemus! . . . O! the conquering glance of the Master at their first meeting! . . . Imagine the turmoil provoked in this blind soul by the words and nearness of Jesus! How irresistible the attraction of our Lord's eyes and His Heart, revealed in each luminous word . . . Jesus advances like the sun toward the darkness of this soul . . . And certainly, in spite of his good will, Nicodemus felt a profound shock, a secret struggle . . . Above all, human respect had to be opposed with all his might . . . A meeting is planned, but for night . . . Look at them together . . . Jesus and Nicodemus . . . Upon separating, the Saviour probably insisted: "I will go to your home . . . I love you!" . . . Another interview again brings face to face darkness and light . . . A glowing light bursting forth from the divine lips of Jesus as from a sparkling sun . . . softly but deeply the light penetrates the darkness; . . . it melts the ice of this rabbinical soul . . . it softens the flint . . . the sun triumphs . . . Nicodemus is vanquished! And in the measure that this Master in Israel forgets himself and strips himself of his prejudices, of his passions . . . of himself . . . the great light inundates him . . . So it will be for us . . . for we cannot become the children of light except by immolation . . . that is to say, through the cross of Jesus, and also through our own crosses . . .

It is always, with some modifications, the renewal of the story of Saul on the way to Damascus. The goodness of Our Saviour throws us violently to the ground; . . . then, humiliated and suffering, we hear in the depths of our soul these words of ineffable light: "I am Jesus of Nazareth!" . . . O, if there are timid, faltering souls among us, let them come close to the Master; let them not tremble in His presence; let them not dread Him; and, above all, let them not resist His loving appeal . . . If, fearing Love and fleeing from It, they go their own way, the road of Damascus, Love will throw them down, will wound them, that they may see the light . . . Happy those hearts that the Master causes to bleed, those souls that He causes to weep in order to manifest Himself to them in all the splendour of His ravishing beauty! . . .

This wholesome and providential rain of tears clears the sky veiled by thick clouds, makes the scales fall which obscured our vision, and brings us face to face with Jesus: "See . . . it is I, the Light," He says, "Follow Me and you will no longer walk in darkness!" . . .

All: Lord, that I may see! (3 times)

Lord Jesus, God of Light, let me see Thee! (3 times)

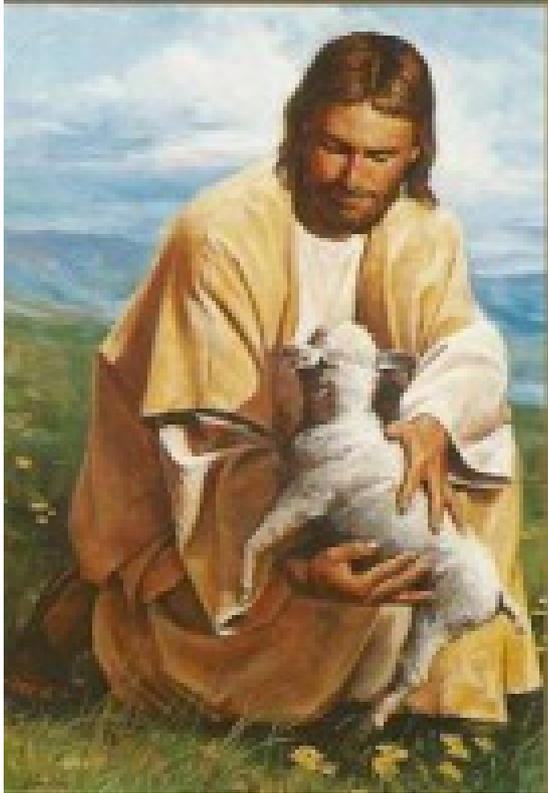
In all my crosses, may I see Thee, O Jesus! (3 times)

(Pause)

II. Gift of Mercy

Let us apply the parable of the Good Samaritan to the conduct of the Heart of Jesus towards souls . . . It is the story of all of us . . .

On the highway lies a man . . . stripped of everything, wounded . . . travellers pass him by with indifference; they do not deem themselves responsible for his misfortune . . . they merely cast a glance at him and that is all . . . they go their way . . . They think him



guilty — reduced to this condition through his own fault; . . . let him then in that way expiate his sin; . . . thus does the world pretend to administer justice . . . But here at last comes One, enveloped in a soft light, Who stops by the wounded man . . . He is wrapped in a majesty, sweet and captivating, there is pity in His glance, immense kindness in His expression of Heavenly beauty . . . He appears as a man on the verge of tears. He, Who at the same time is a God of infinite tenderness!

Yes, it is He . . . it is Jesus! . . . The Man-God Who knows all sorrows, Who is full of mercy! . . . A God of majesty treading the path of Angels! . . . A God of pity, walking the highway of men, His brothers . . . Look at Him lovingly. He goes down to the wounded man . . . He leans over . . . No, He kneels beside him, He gives him His tears to drink, He wraps him in His own garment! . . . O, how wonderfully kind He is: He takes him gently in His arms, and then He runs, He hastens with His treasure, whom He begins to

reanimate and heal by the warmth of His Heart! . . . Does He take him to an inn? No . . . to His house, into His own home! . . . and there, He entrusts him not to servants, not even to angels . . . O, no! Then what does He do? He places him in the arms of Mary, His Mother, entreating her to do for this poor wounded man what she did for Him in the Crib and on Calvary . . . At the same time Jesus remains beside the Queen of Love . . . He rests from His mission as Saviour neither day nor night; helping Mary, He Himself dresses the wounds, placing in them the oil and wine of His Blood . . . the balm of His kisses . . . He washes and purifies him in the font of His Heart!

When he is convalescent, He dresses him like a prince . . . when cured, He keeps him in His home, makes Him His heir, treats him as an intimate friend, as a spoiled child . . . Is that not the story of each one of us? Ah, there is only one Jesus, only one, but He alone is sufficient! . . .

Now let our grateful love burst forth, praising His infinite pity, glorifying the boundless mercy of Jesus' Heart with ardent, enthusiastic prayer.

Souls: Jesus-King, Jesus-Brother, Jesus-Saviour and Friend, Thou hast come that we might have life and that we might have it more abundantly. Thou hast gone down to the hopelessly ill, to those who were perishing, to those maimed by Life, to give them back healed, beautiful, and happy to Thy Father Who confided them to Thee . . . Alas! . . . Adored Master, we have often been...

the lost sheep . . .

the prodigal son . . .

the lost goat . . .

the bruised reed . . .

the smoking flax . . .

the insolvent debtor . . .

the servant who killed the king's son . . .

the rock impervious to the seed watered by Thy Blood . . .

Pardon, O God our Saviour!

Pardon, O God of Love!

Pardon us, O Father of infinite mercy, for the many infidelities of our past life . . . We have so misused the inexhaustible treasures of Thy untiring mercy . . . Pardon us!

To make a return for the divine pity of which we have been the object, we wish with holy violence to wrest it from Thy clemency for countless others . . . they are our brothers, Jesus . . . they are Thy children—struggling in the midst of the briars and thorns of the world and of sin . . .

Hearken to us, O sweet Saviour!

Have pity on those children whose innocence and faith have been wrecked by unhappy home life!

Through the Queen of Love, Heart of our divine King: Be to them a Jesus!

All: Be to them a Jesus!

Have pity on the youth who are already snatched away from Thy Heart and tossed in the dangerous whirlwind of corruption and unwholesome pleasures without ever a look toward Heaven!

Through the Queen of Love, Heart of Jesus, beloved Brother: Be to them a Jesus!

All: Be to them a Jesus!

Have pity on so many unhappy families who, unaided by the light of faith, live mere natural lives, who struggle, who sing, who weep without the support of Thy love! . . .

Through the Queen of Love, Heart of Jesus our Friend: Be to them a Jesus!

All: Be to them a Jesus!

Have pity on the myriads of blinded ones, who have never had, either at home or in school, the incomparable grace of hearing about Thee, of knowing Thee . . . Have mercy, above all, on the voluntarily blind, who, having seen Thee only from afar, have never known how good Thou art! . . .

Through the Queen of Love, Heart of Jesus-Saviour : Be to them a Jesus!

All: Be to them a Jesus!

Have pity on sinners who are in their agony during this hour, especially on those who have not been malicious, but weak, ignorant, and deluded! . . . Have pity on those who have been charitable to the poor and the suffering . . .

Through the Queen of Love, agonizing Heart of Jesus: Be to them a Jesus!

All: Be to them a Jesus!

(Brief pause)

III. Gift of His Sacred Heart

And now as if the gifts of light and of mercy were not sufficient for our Lord's generosity, He gave all in the gift of His adorable Heart.

Let us have recourse to the Gospel, for its divine beauty surpasses all that human wisdom or eloquence could give us by way of fruitful instruction.

What a picture to ravish the angels, that of John at the Last Supper! . . . Jesus is about to institute the Holy Eucharist . . . A shadow of anguish, almost of agony, passes over His face. Judas is there; he has on his person the silver he received for betraying his God.

John seems to have read all in the eyes of his Divine Friend, and as if to make reparation for it, he presses close to Jesus, and with simplicity and confidence which astonish the angels, he leans his head on the Heart of Jesus!

And Jesus, in this solemn hour, rests His Heart on that of John, His well-beloved disciple; Jesus gives John His Heart, and by this gesture of surrender they are united by a bond stronger than death, and beyond . . .

Had John a right to this privilege?

It is true, he was pure, chaste in mind and heart, but he had only begun to love . . .

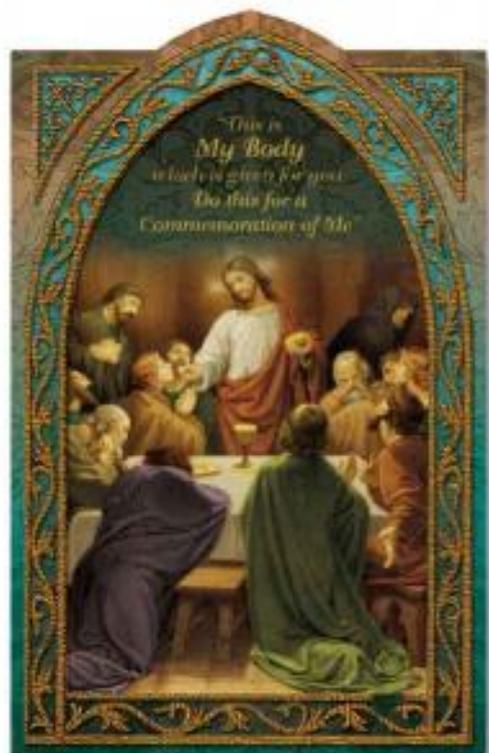
And yet he had neither the opportunity nor the time to love his Master unto Martyrdom . . .

Ah! But Jesus in loving him unto death, anticipated His intimate friend! . . .

Only Jesus could love to such an extent and offer such a gift so completely unmerited.

"But", you will cry in discouragement, "rare are those who like John, have remained always pure, generous, and docile!" . . . That is true; . . .

nevertheless, do not fear, for in the Gospel there is another very consoling scene which completes the teaching of the picture just described . . .



There on Calvary . . . beside John, very close to him, but closer still to the Immaculate, to the Queen without stain . . . behold Mary Magdalen.

Both John, whose purity has never been lost and Magdalen, whose purity has been regained, receive equally in the presence of the most pure Mother of God, the gift of Jesus' Heart . . .

Which of the two had the better part, which the more intimate? . . .

No one knows but Jesus! . . . And this secret is His profound and pressing call to both innocent and penitent—that vast army of souls, climbing the hill of Calvary toward the eternal Tabor.

Therefore, let our joy and gratitude break forth in a prayer, which Jesus would wish to be a real canticle of praise, of exultation, of thanksgiving—a hymn of pure love to His loving Heart:

O Jesus! Thou hast blessed us as Thou didst never bless the flowers of the field and the lilies of the valley when Thou didst pass them by . . . and we have been the briars and the thorns of Thy crown.

Do not grow weary of us... Have mercy on us always! . . .

O Jesus! Thou hast blessed us as Thou didst bless the fields of corn and the gardens of Galilee and we have often been the guilty tares in Thy Church! . . .

Do not grow weary of us... Have mercy on us always! . . .

O Jesus! Thou hast blessed us as Thou didst never bless the birds of heaven, the flocks of Bethlehem and of Nazareth . . . and we have wounded Thee by our lack of confidence in Thy infinite goodness! . . .

Do not grow weary of us... Have mercy on us always! . . .

That is why, in loving reparation, we wish to conclude this Holy Hour exclaiming with the Prophet: "Angelic spirits, celestial court of the Lord, praise His mercy toward us" . . . Hosanna to the Creator, Who has become creature and Host through Love.

All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

Stars, moon, and sun, spread your mantle of light over His Tabernacle, holier than that of Jerusalem . . . Tabernacle filled with the sweet majesty of the Word made Flesh and food of mortals . . . Praise His mercy to us . . .

Hosanna to the Creator, Who has become creature and Host through Love . . .

All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

Light of dawn, morning dew, clouds of fruitfulness, praise the fecundity of the Lord's grace. Bless His, mercy to us . . .

All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

Ocean serenely calm, tempest-tossed ocean, chant the magnificence of the Lord . . .
Bless His mercy to us . . .
Hosanna to the Creator, Who has become creature and Host through Love!
All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

Quiet breezes, raging storms, floods and torrents, chant the glory of the Lord, bless His mercy to us . . .
Hosanna to the Creator, Who has become creature and Host through Love!
All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

Snows, forests and harvests, volcanoes, hills and valleys, chant the power of the Lord, bless His mercy to us . . .
Hosanna to the Creator, Who has become creature and Host through Love!
All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

All creation, hasten to our aid, make up for our inability to thank, to bless . . . Come, stifle blasphemy with your songs . . . Make amends for the silence and for the coldness



of ungrateful and guilty man . . . Bless, O bless the mercy of the Lord toward us . . .

Hosanna, hosanna to the Creator, Who has become Child, Victim, and Host through Love!

All: Hosanna to the Prisoner of Love!

A Pater and an Ave for the agonizing and for sinners.

A Pater and an Ave for the world-wide triumph of the Sacred Heart, especially by daily Communion, the Holy Hour,

and the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in families.

A Pater and an Ave for the particular intentions of all present.

A Pater and an Ave for our country.

A Pater and an Ave and a Gloria for the Pope.

Act of Consecration of the Human Race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus (Leo XIII)

Most sweet Jesus, Redeemer of the human race, look down upon us, humbly prostrate before Thy Altar. We are Thine, and Thine we wish to be; but, to be more surely united with Thee, behold each one of us freely consecrates himself to-day to Thy most Sacred Heart. Many indeed have never known Thee; many too, despising Thy precepts, have rejected Thee. Have mercy on them all, most merciful Jesus, and draw them to Thy Sacred Heart. Be Thou King, O Lord, not only of the faithful who have never forsaken Thee, but also of the prodigal children who have abandoned Thee; grant that they may quickly return to their Father's house lest they die of wretchedness and hunger. Be Thou King of those who are deceived by erroneous opinions, or whom discord keeps aloof, and call them back to the harbour of truth and unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one flock and one Shepherd. Be Thou King of all those who are still involved in the darkness of idolatry or of Islamism, and refuse not to draw them all into the light and kingdom of God. Turn Thine eyes of mercy toward the children of that race, once Thy chosen people. Of old they called down upon themselves the Blood of the Saviour; may It now descend upon them a laver of redemption and life. Grant, O Lord, to Thy Church assurance of freedom and immunity from harm; give peace and order to all nations, and make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise to the divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honour forever. Amen.

(Five times in honour of the Saviour's five wounds) Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom come!

